

To die a million times and still never understand the pain and despair I felt for that special young man. He lost his future, hopes, and dreams, when nobody would answer our desperate screams.

I fought strong for all our young lives and still I cannot forget his deadly cries. For two years I have desperately prayed that my horrible nightmares would just go away but instead of slackening, they are more intent to remind me of the blood that was spent.

His body gone buried and dead with a headstone to mark where they laid his head. Thinking of him gone brings me great dread,
But no matter what his spirit is not dead.